

Purple Parrot

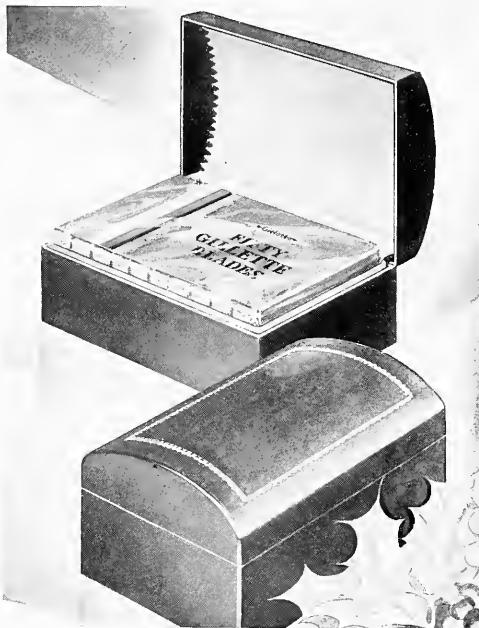
Xmas 1929

25¢



Peace On Earth - Good Will To Men

How to be *Generous* to a man at Christmas



Five Dollars

JUST how does the Gillette Fifty Box qualify as the ideal Christmas gift for a man? Here's how—on these eight counts:

It is practical . . . Man, famous for his practical mind, insists on useful gifts.

Yet he probably wouldn't buy this for himself . . . From long habit, he is used to getting his blades in packs of five and ten. This will be a new and refreshing idea for him.

He'll be sure to use it . . . Blades are a daily necessity in every man's life. The Gillette Fifty Box is the most convenient way to have them.

It is personal . . . It's all to himself, for his own intimate, bathroom use.

It is good looking . . . Packed, as you see, in a metal box, velvet lined, with a spring-hinge cover. Blades are enclosed in brilliant Cellophane.

It is truly generous . . . With fifty smooth, double-edged Gillette Blades in easy grasp, a man can look forward to more continuous shaving comfort than he has probably ever enjoyed before in his life.

It will last well beyond the Christmas season . . . For months his mornings will be free from all thought of buying Gillette Blades.

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Radio—Tune in on "The Gillette Blades" every Saturday evening, 9:30 to 10:00 o'clock, Eastern Time, over the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network, WJZ and associated stations.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



Gillette

Give him shaving comfort in abundance with the famous Fifty Box of Gillette Blades



Sally FROCKS

A NATIONAL INSTITUTION

627 Davis Street

Kappa House,
Monday - Late

Dearest Mom:

I've just made a wonderful discovery - right here on campus -
Sally Frock, at \$15 exclusively!

My checking account had diminished by the 23rd yet when Jim invited me to the Beta dance, I simply had to have a new formal! So I tied myself to 627 Davis Street, where I found not only one, but many of the most adorable Sally Frocks

Tell Dad I never knew \$15 frocks could be so smart!

Devotedly -

Janet

\$15

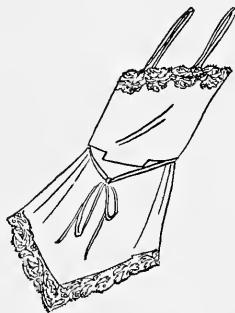
EXCLUSIVELY

Required for Fashion Credit
Are These Clever Accessories
from

Edgar A. Stevens, Inc.

1624 ORRINGTON AVENUE
EVANSTON

You can't pass Dame Fashion's examination unless you pay strict attention to the details of your costume. Stevens' accessories are absolutely style-right.



LINGERIE delightfully dainty—in tailored styles or in elaborately lace-trimmed styles with the new low backs. Chemises, \$3.95 to \$10.95. Step-ins, \$3.95 to \$5.95. Gowns, \$5.95 to \$12.95.

HOSIERY in lovely sheer chiffon weight with French heels and picot tops, in the season's smartest color tones, \$1.95. Extra sheer chiffon, in-grain hose with modish heels, \$2.95.

GLOVES—Washable pigskin gloves, one-button or slip-on style, warm for driving, \$5. Glacekid, \$4.50. Kislav washable doeskin, \$4.50 and \$5.95, according to length.

"No, I don't care whether you wear Paris garters or not and you don't have halitosis. It's not 'B. O.' nor is it the kind of cigarettes you smoke. I'm saying 'No' you big yap, because I'm married already and one husband is enough!"

Froth.

Burglar: Where have you been?

His Partner: Robbing a fraternity house.

Burglar: Lose anything?

Kitty-Kat.

"Go," said the landlady, "and never darken my bathtub again."

Ohio State Sun Dial.

FOR THE FORMAL

To Complete the Ensemble

Pumps and strap slippers of white moire and crepe, tinted to match the gown. Others in silver kid and brocade.

*McCallum Silk
Hosiery*

*Imported
Buckles*

Arch-Aid Shoe Shop

DAVIS at CHICAGO AVE. *In the North Shore Hotel*

DINNER DANCES

At intervals during the coming months Saturday evening Dinner Dances will be given in THE ORRINGTON BALL ROOM.

A splendid dinner, with good music. The reservations will be limited so make yours early. Music furnished by the celebrated Ambassadors.

\$2.25 per person.

Telephone University 8700 and ask for the Maitre d' Hotel.

The
ORRINGTON
EVANSTON ILLINOIS



Evanston's Largest and Finest Hotel

She (at party): And while in Florence I visited Pitti Palace.
He (same party): Oh, did ums?
Banter.

"Say, guy, j'love this jane?"
"Yep, yer honor."
"This your bimbo, girlie?"
"You said a mouthful, judge."
"S'nuff. He's your'n. You're his'n.
Ten bucks and take the air on the right.
Next!"

Rensselaer Pup.

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Marie Lehn

BEAUTY SHOPPE

Permanent Waving

EXPERT HAIRCUTTING BY A MAN

UNIVERSITY 800

1710 Orrington Ave.

Evanston, Ill.

MARCELLING - HAIR AGAIN TREATMENTS

SUITMAKING

MANUFACTURING

SELLING



"Oh, Josie, How Could You!"

Jeanie Just Burst Into Her Room to Find Her Roommate, Josie, About to Pocket Jeanie's Cash

JOSIE: It's really simple, my dear! I was borrowing a few of your shekels with which to get you a Christmas gift . . . one of a thousand gift ideas at Rosie's.

JEANIE: Oh, yeah? Well, that's different! But pay it back in time for me to get you a gift, will you?

MORAL: Even if you have to borrow the money from her, buy your roommate a gift from the great selections at . . .

WIEBOLDT'S-EVANSTON-ROSENBERG'S

BILL used to envy fellows who had a lot more money than he, because of the classy way they dressed.

Now he's given up envying and taken to smiling with satisfaction, because he's found he can get School Suits, Overcoats and Tuxedos that look as well—yes, and wear as well as their \$100 and \$150 clothes—for only

\$25



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Ave., Evanston

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THE BEST OF WHAT YOU WANT**

AIRPLANES:

Great Lakes Aircraft Corporation 29

BEAUTY SHOPS:Georgette Hair Shoppe 4
Marie Lehn 3
Marnette Salon 27**BEVERAGE:**

Coca Cola 25

BOOKS:

Chandler's, Inc. 31

CIGARETTES:

Lucky Strike Back Cover

CONFETIONS:

Life Savers Inside Back Cover

DEPARTMENT STORES:Lord's 5
Rosenberg's 3**FLOWERS:**

London's 26

GARAGE:

Service Garage 32

HOTELS:North Shore Hotel 28
The Orrington 2**JEWELER:**

Lee Nelson 32

MAGAZINES:College Humor Inside Back Cover
Purple Parrot 26**MEN'S FURNISHINGS:**Browning King & Co. 5
E. S. Ehmen 28
Hecht-Lears, Inc. 30
Gillette Safety Razor Co. Inside Front Cover
MacFarland's, Inc. Inside Back Cover
Royal Tailors 3**MISCELLANEOUS:**Evanston Letter Service 31
Varsity Hand Laundry 30
Western Electric 6**MUSIC:**

Carleton Kaumeyer 5

OPTICIAN:

Almer Coe & Co. 30

PHOTOGRAPHY:

Matzene Studio 32

PRINTING:

Kap's Print Shop 31

SHOES:Arch-Aid Shoe Shop 2
Ground Gripper Shoe Stores 4
Kotz Shoe Stores 28**TAILORING:**

David E. Nord 28

WOMEN'S WEAR:Edgar A. Stevens, Inc. 2
Frank Sullivan, Inc. 27
Sally Frocks, Inc. 1

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The Most Comfortable Shoe
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In Styles That Appeal to Students

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GROUND GRIPPER SHOE SHOP
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Specializing in

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1720 Sherman Ave. University 1476

He: Do you smoke?
 She: No, I don't smoke.
 He: Do you drink?
 She: No, I don't drink.
 He: Do you neck?
 She: No, I don't neck.
 He: Well, what do you do?
 She: I tell lies.

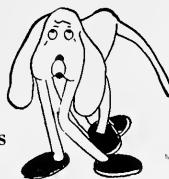
Wampus.

Her: Well, how did you find the orchestra?

Him: Paul Whiteman stepped aside and there it was.

Old Maid.

If the very thought of Christmas Shopping makes you feel as limp and dejected as this rag canine



Where N. U. STUDENTS Like to Buy RECORDS and SHEET MUSIC

Whenever you want *Columbia*, *Brunswick* and *Okeh* Records or the latest in Sheet Music—
TRY US FIRST

CARLETON KAUMEYER

N. U. '18

1741 Sherman Ave. Phone Greenleaf 3230
The University Music Store

The Formal Season Is Here

... and Browning King offers the greatest tuxedo value in a century of fine tailoring ...

THE CHALLENGER

Tuxedo

\$30⁰⁰

... combining the fine tailoring of our own shops, a superior fabric, and faultless styling. Stop in today and see them.

Browning King & Co.
 526 Davis Street

Opposite the North Shore Hotel

You Will Find Our Gift Section a Cure for Your Worries

Lord's
INCORPORATED
 FOUNTAIN SQUARE · EVANSTON

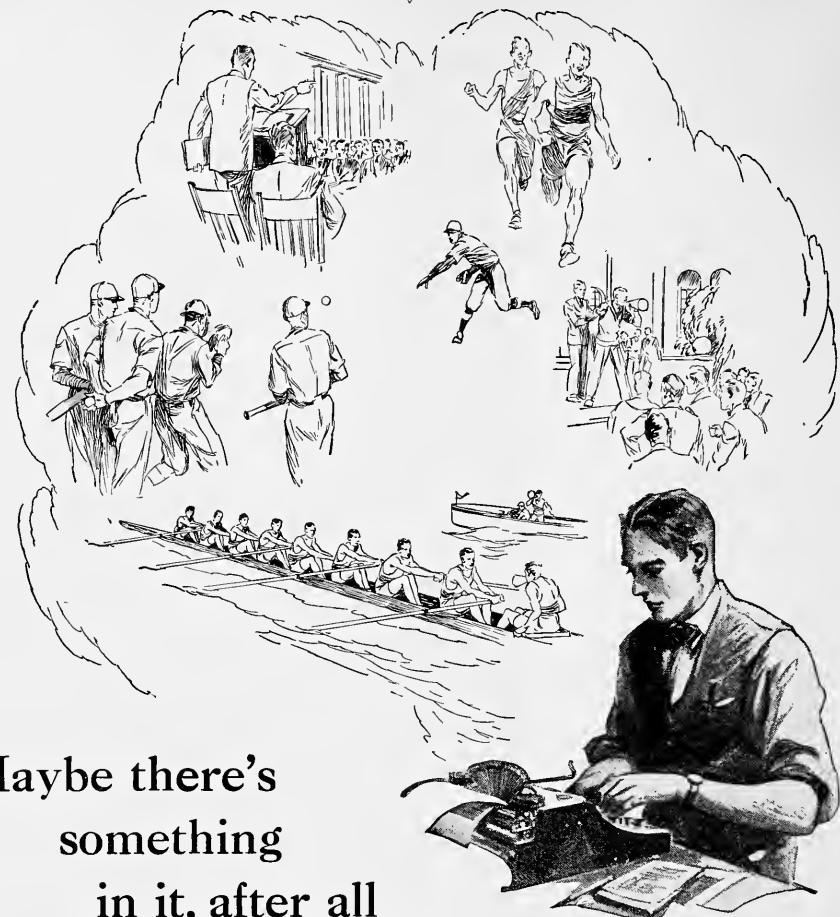
In one trip to one store you can select gifts for your entire family and friends!

A Few Gift Suggestions

"Jurgen," by James Branch Cabell.....	\$1.00
Cloisonne match box cover.....	\$1.00
Imported grey lined note paper.....	\$1.00
Modernistic black-and-white bookplates, package25c
A fluted brass bowl.....	.75c
Nest of four brass ash trays.....	\$1.00
Copy of old Pompeian perfume bottle.....	\$2.50
Florentine tooled leather purse.....	\$9.00

Choose your gifts, then take them to the gift wrapping department, have them wrapped in Christmas style—ribbon, bright tissue paper, seals and greeting—for a very small additional charge.

Lord's Gift Section



Maybe there's something in it, after all

Trying out for the editorial board, Simpson, '33, is all energy. Here, there and everywhere to cover events, he is busy on the write and rewrite—confident that experience will fit him for the post.

And Jones, his roommate, shows equal determination in football.



Tackling, bucking the line, practicing signals, he trusts to solid ground-work to get him on the scrub this year.

Good training, both of them. Perhaps there is something in high scholarship, too. Industrial leaders of today think so.



Western Electric

Manufacturers... Purchasers... Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM



NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

PURPLE PARROT



VOLUME X.

DECEMBER 1929

NUMBER 3

SANTA'S GINFUL WAYS

A Broken-down Pantomime in Two Pieces

Place: Cactus Clevasse, North Pole.

Characters: Santa Claus—just a day-a-year delivery boy who doesn't read Mennen's ads. Bandy Claus—the dummy, a useful, not-so-bad egg.

Time: December 24th, noontime.

Scene I.

Santa is busily engaged in raking together vast piles of telegrams and phone calls and burning them, causing the Northern Lights. As he sets down his third straight glass of Scotch lemonade (two seeds and a rind), his rusty servant, Bandy, gallops in on his tricycle and deposits three new sacks of requests from Delts for gin. "Damn those Delts," says Santa in the deaf-and-dumb sign language, since this is a pantomime. He turns and writes in his gift list: "Delt House—names of five new bootleggers." He looks in his *Good Book*, sees that the Delts are not addicted to LaSalles or

D. G.'s, and adds "one case of gin, also."

Finding the cake of ice on which he has been sitting has melted, Santa swims to shore, just as the curtain drops—fortunately, for Santa changes to dry undies. *Scene II. (Two seconds later. It is now midnight.)*

Santa, in his modest purple-and-white twin two-in-line Ford, charges speedily across the sky. In the back seat are hundreds of blank check books for good little sorority girls, and a case of gin. Santa feels the intense cold through his Salvation Army Santa Claus suit, and reaches back to sample some gin to see if the Delts are getting the real stuff. They are. He charges a fee of one bottle for sampling services, and, hating to waste anything, consumes the fee. He begins to feel warmer. He realizes no man should start out without an adequate supply of alcohol in his own personal

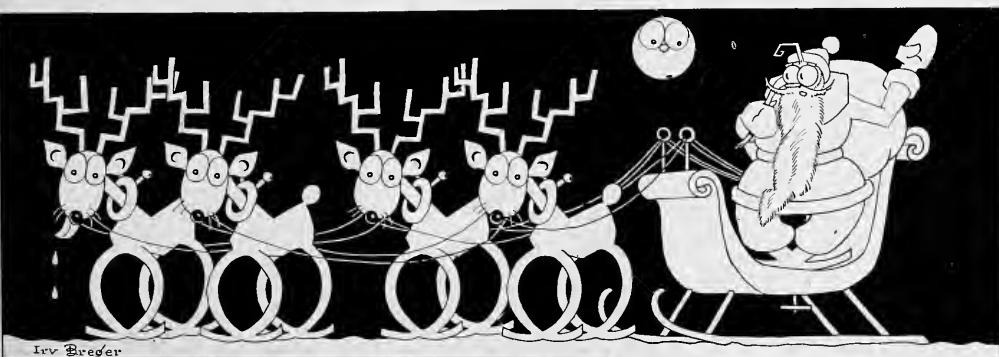
radiator. Conscientiously he starts filling it one bottle at a time. Finding that steering interferes with pulling corks, he abandons steering. The car is out of control, but it finally grounds in front of U. H. Santa doesn't know and doesn't care. Bandy speeds up on his piston-action Pogo stick, and, seeing Santa Claus' plight, he throws Santa in the rear cock-pit, puts the empty bottles in one of the Delts' empty bottle receptacles, and canters off, just as the morning sun sweeps the cobwebs from the dewy ice.

(Curtain)

Moral: Do your Christmas shopping early.

P. K.

The modern child has heard of Santa Claus, but he thinks it has something to do with a portion of a sentence.



Rev. Bregger

I never, never shave my chin
And therefore am quite wise.

You should do the selfsame thing
To hide your Christmas ties.



TOASTING DID IT

"It's more blessed to give than receive," chuckled the boxer as he socked his opponent in the jaw.

Dear Santa:

As you have not yet paid for last year's damages, let me repeat the amounts:

Aerial knocked down by reindeers	\$ 10.00
Holes put in roof	50.00
Street-cleaners' services....	15.00
Broken chimney	100.00
Home (ignited by burn- ing beard)	30,000.00

\$30,175.00

To show my appreciation for last year's gift, you may deduct two cents.

Sinisterly,

A WAIF.

"My room mate isn't succeeding very well with his driving lessons."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"He took a turn for the worse."

OUR OWN CHRISTMAS HALL
OF FAME



This is Cucumber P. Ickle who, after years of study, has finally solved the Christmas gift problem. Mr. Ickle intends to commit suicide December 20 and come back to haunt all his friends on Christmas Eve.



Ryder Kowboy, prominent campus tea fighter and marshmallow destroyer, who fought with all of his fourteen fiancées the week after Thanksgiving and does not intend to make up with any of them until some time after New Year's.



The *Parrot* nominates Sandy Mac Aroni because he was the first one to give homing pigeons for Xmas gifts and because he sent all his relatives unsigned checks, but most of all because he told his children that Santy Claus came only when it snowed and then moved to Florida.



Saint: *Well, how's your companionate marriage coming on?*

Nicholas: *Not so good. I lost my wife's address.*

Santa Claus claims that another thing that comes to him who waits is whiskers.

This is Cornelia Soar Bunyan who won the woman's free-for-all bargain rush held in Woolworth's basement on the 23rd of December. Starting from scratch she dived fearlessly into the crowd and emerged in twelve seconds flat with a corset, two pairs of bloomers, one stocking and three sets of false hair, although only mouse traps and corkscrews were being sold at the counter.

WHAT! NO SANTA CLAUS?

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the town
The yodeling of Phi Deltas had quieted down,
And most of the boys were asleep in their beds,
Though visions of half pints still danced in their heads.
Since their message to Santa was wired with care,
Each slumbered in peace with the thought of his share;
One wanted another Ruth Walgreen to win,
Another, some cases of Gordon Dry gin.
'Twas the time for old Santa Claus' coming around,
When all were awakened by a hustling sound.
One had flown to the window from his bed like a flash,
Torn open the curtain and thrown up the sash,
And quick to his side the rest of them dived,
Sure that old Santa had safely arrived.
But instead of the old boy they expected to find,
'Twas a co-ed who'd forgotten to pull down her blind.
Their wondering eyes were fixed in a daze,
And attracted the co-ed with their steady gaze,
But she called to the boys as she switched out the light,
"There ain't no Santa Claus coming tonight." M. D.

"Why all the thought?"

"Darn it, I can't think what it was I tried to make myself forget!"

"Don't leave mad," he cried as the wagon took his wife to her padded cell.



Introducing Otto Nobetter who gave his girl flowers, books, candy, gloves, two compacts and four quarts of perfume for Xmas and was perfectly happy when she sent him a pair of sleeve garters and a penny Christmas card.

The most thoughtless man in the world is the fellow who threw himself out of the fortieth story window just after the janitor had swept off the sidewalk.

Late arrival at lively party: Did John come, too?

Hostess: Oh, yes, he came to quite a while ago.

Today the automobile is within the reach of everybody. How different it was with the old-fashioned bicycle.

Father (holding little boy on lap in street car): Johnnie, there's one thing I always want you to remember—to be polite. Now, be a gentleman and give the lady your seat.



*Three-hundred calories hath potatoes,
Turkey, nuts, and creamed tomatoes.
I count the rest—there's much more sorrow—
Think I'll start to starve tomorrow.*

ROSE OF THE DAWN

A FARCE

by Roy Rosenquist

The scene is the living room of a modern two-by-four apartment. To the left rear is an alcove in which is a door, invisible to the audience, that leads to the front of the building. Another door, right front, leads to the dining room. About the room is scattered the usual, modern, living room furniture and to the left front is a small davenport. The rug is rolled up and lies in the rear of the room. The wife and the husband, Ileone and Clarence, are seated on a large wooden box in the center of the stage. They are staring into space, deep in thought. A distant twelve-o'clock whistle is blowing, and Hjalmer, a furniture mover who has been carrying a chair to the right door, drops everything, rushes to the davenport, lies full length upon it, opens his package of lunch which had been placed on the davenport, and begins to eat. The monotony of Hjalmer's immobile face is broken by a huge, drooping, blonde mustache. Ileone, in an apron, and Clarence, in a shabby suit, seem exceedingly slender. They are young and puppyish. Both of them gaze at the lunch, look at each other, and sigh.

CLARENCE: Bread, ham—everything a strong man needs! (Sighs.)

ILEONE: Ah, cake—a weak woman's weakness.

CLARENCE: A furniture mover's lunch, and we sit here gazing at it as if it were a feast of the gods! (He grasps Ileone's hands.) And a wife, who ought be getting more than any other woman on earth, longing for a piece of stale banana cake! Dear, I'm sorry all this had to happen. It's all my fault.

ILEONE (*Smiling elusively*): Wrong again. That's a lemon filling in that banana cake.

CLARENCE: Yes, dear, I'm always wrong. Tell me, isn't everything my fault?

ILEONE: Of course not. It's mine—all mine. Do you remember six months ago? It was a June night. Yes, and there was a bright moon and myriads of stars. I can't blame you for asking me to be your wife—it was the weather. Furniture! You should not have thought of it, but I should have, and I did think of it. I said "yes" and took you for furniture or soap boxes. Do you think you would be bothered with furniture if I had said "no"?

CLARENCE (*placing an arm about Ileone*): If you had said "no," nothing would have bothered me, and only the lilies waving above—

ILEONE (*laughing*): A born tragedian!

CLARENCE (*earnestly*): And playing the main rôle in a tragedy—the tragedy of a writer.

ILEONE (*laughing elusively*): Tragedy? Your life a tragedy! Poverty, yes, but haven't the greatest writers begun as you have? And look at the plot you can have for one of your future stories. Or you can write your autobiography—"The Confessions of an Unknown Author." Best seller! Million a year!

CLARENCE: Be serious, please. I write only of pleasant things.

ILEONE: Then why not talk of them, Pollyanna?

CLARENCE (*laughs*): I, a Pollyanna? I like to talk of pleasant things but they only lead to the unpleasant. Take, for instance, food. It is pleasant for me to speak of food until I realize that there is none to be had.

ILEONE: Who said there was none to be had? (*She jumps from the box and hurries out of door at right.*)

CLARENCE (*to Hjalmer*): Do you think you'll get all the furniture out today?

HJALMER (*moving only his lips*): Yah!



Clarence: You see a bleeding heart. Advertising!

PURPLE PARROT

CLARENCE: You must make a lot of money!

HJALMER: Yah!

CLARENCE: Do you need a helper? (Ileone enters and stands at the door with her hands behind her.)

ILEONE: Close your eyes. I want to show you what we have for lunch.

CLARENCE: Aw, what's the use.

ILEONE: Please. (Clarence closes his eyes and Ileone holds up a bologna sausage.) All right, open them. (He does and is disappointed.) See! Fricassee rabbit.

CLARENCE: Strange, the similarity of this to that chicken à la king we had yesterday.

ILEONE: You know it's different. Say it's different!

CLARENCE: It's the same old thing. Bologna sausage! Bah!

ILEONE (mock-seriously): Fricassee rabbit! (Clarence jumps from the box and Ileone comes up to him.)

CLARENCE (seriously): Oh, Ileone. How can I tell your real thoughts when you are always throwing on the colored lights! Everything I do is good. I starve you, and it is well. I write a story and read it to you. You are in ecstasy and say it is wonderful: You remember "Rose of the Dawn"—my favorite story? "Wonderful!" you called it. "Wonderful!" you called the two main characters, the count and the princess. The love scenes? "Marvelous!" The curtains are pulled aside and the reader finds himself in the court garden at Versailles. Moonlight! Ah! Ornamental trees. The sound of harp and cello and violin from the palace. Then, the count and the princess? No! Nothing but two huge bolognas with beautiful names.

ILEONE (for the first time really serious): Oh! (Sets sausage on table between box and door.)

CLARENCE (placing his hands upon her shoulders): You know my stories are no good.

ILEONE (smiling): Darned if I don't think you're fishing for compliments. You know the stories are good, and I like them.

CLARENCE (rapidly): For what? Good for what? This? (He points to a bale of papers tied together as if for sale to the ragman.) Good for forty cents a hundred pounds.

ILEONE: I mean that the public would read them and like them.

CLARENCE: That doesn't say they are good. Hundreds of publishers have read them, but they don't like them.

ILEONE: This can't go on. A writer of Pollyanna stories mustn't act as you do.

CLARENCE: But you think the stories are really good works of literature?

ILEONE: Let's not talk about it any more.

CLARENCE: Tell me. Are they?

ILEONE (giving up): Yes, they are. (Hjalmer has eaten as much of his lunch as he wishes, and, pulling the davenport, heads towards the right front door.)

ILEONE and CLARENCE (in unison as Hjalmer passes in front of them): Nice day today.

HJALMER (without looking at them): Yah!

CLARENCE: I could get a job pulling furniture, Ileone. (He takes a chair and sets it to the left of the box.)

ILEONE: But you want to see happy, beautiful things. When you take back new furniture from newly-wedded couples, you wouldn't think it beautiful.

CLARENCE: No, doggone it! I want to eat beautiful things and I want you to wear beautiful things, even if I have to do the hideous to make these things possible.

ILEONE: Bravo! Beautifully said. But you're a writer, and you'll succeed.

CLARENCE (scornfully): Romantic! (The door bell rings and Ileone runs to the talking tube in the alcove.)

ILEONE: Who is it? Mr. Caliber? Oh, from the Janson Publishing Company. Come right up. (Turning joyfully to Clarence.) Didn't I tell you? (Walks to center of stage. There is a knock at the door in the alcove. Clarence excitedly runs to it and opens the door, admitting a well-dressed, stout and stern man of the world, ALEXANDER CALIBER.)



Ileone: As I live, a born tragedian

PURPLE PARROT

CALIBER: Martin?

CLARENCE: Yes.

CALIBER: Clarence?

CLARENCE: Yes. (*Both walk to Ileone.*)

CALIBER (*talking to both in general*): My name is Caliber, Alexander Caliber. And this, I suppose, is Mrs. Martin. How do you do, Mrs. Martin.

ILEONE: How do you do, Mr. Caliber? Won't you sit down? (*He seats himself on the chair to the left of the box, and the others reseat themselves on the box, Clarence next to Caliber.*)

CALIBER: I have some important business to talk over with you, Mr. Martin—about your story "Rose of the Dawn."

CLARENCE (*interested*): Yes?

ILEONE (*interested*): Yes?

CALIBER: My friend Janson, the publisher to whom you had sent the story mentioned, told me several days ago that he had a story written by you which would appeal to me but which was not exactly the type he published. Upon reading it, I decided it was just what I wanted, from the title to the final period. "Rose of the Dawn!" Wonderful!

ILEONE: See? Wonderful!

CLARENCE: Oh, it is nothing at all, sir.

CALIBER: Wonderful!

CLARENCE: Nothing at all.

CALIBER: Mr. Martin, do you know what you have done? You have given the world a name that in a few months will be on everybody's tongue. (*Hjalmer enters, looking at no one, goes up to Mr. Caliber and shakes his chair.*)

CLARENCE, CALIBER AND ILEONE: Say!

HJALMER: Huh?

CLARENCE, CALIBER AND ILEONE: Say!

HJALMER: Huh!

ILEONE: He doesn't know any better, Mr. Caliber. Our furniture—we're sending it out to be cleaned. (*Caliber rises and Hjalmer exits with chair.*)

CLARENCE (*still interested in Caliber's mission*): —on everybody's tongue—

CALIBER: Yes, it's on everybody's tongue that one's furniture gets so dirty, just in a few months.

CLARENCE: —on everybody's tongue—

CALIBER: Dirty furniture is on everybody's tongue, just as "Rose of the Dawn" will be.

CLARENCE (*beaming*): You believe that "Rose of the Dawn" will be a great book?

CALIBER (*oratorically*): Greater than a great book, Mr. Martin. "Rose of the Dawn" will stimulate millions to bigger things, will make their skin tingle with a million sensations. I like the name, and from now on, "Rose of the Dawn" will be the greatest bath salts that ever—(*Ileone is surprised*).

CLARENCE (*surprised and angered, jumping from the box and facing Caliber, who is standing*): Bath salts! What is the meaning of this?

CALIBER: What! Haven't you ever heard of bath salts?

CLARENCE (*angry*): Yes, yes, yes. I know that, but tell me why you pick on "Rose of the Dawn"?

CALIBER (*beaming*): A name for a new product and a

story to tell about it. Advertising, young man, advertising.

CLARENCE (*to Ileone*): Darling, leave the room.

ILEONE (*mock-serious*): You wouldn't do anything rash, and if there is to be no bloodshed, I see no reason for leaving the room.

CLARENCE: You see a bleeding heart. Advertising!

ILEONE: As I live, a born tragedian.

CALIBER (*still beaming*): Save those beautiful expressions. Jot them down in a notebook. We can use them in advertising.

CLARENCE: To think that "Rose of the Dawn" should come to this!

ILEONE: Tell him more about the disgrace, Mr. Caliber.

CLARENCE: I won't hear it.

CALIBER: You perhaps do not realize the beautiful use of your work. Now take that part of the story that goes like this: "She lay asleep in the satin cushions, her golden hair in ringlets about her angelic face. Her lips bore a smile, her eyes a twinkle, and the pink of her cheeks looked like blood on newly-fallen snow." You see at the top of the page we'll put: "This is what 'Rose of the Dawn' bath salts will do."

CLARENCE (*walking up and down the room*): I won't have it! I won't have it! I've worked months on that story and it's a work of art. I won't have it shot to health salts.

CALIBER: Advertising, my son, may also be a work of art. Look at the Camay soap ads. Wonderful!

CLARENCE: And look at the barber pole and the cigar-store Indian.

CALIBER: You don't understand. You have good advertising possibilities and you'll get good money. Here's the idea. Once a month we are going to get up a short story and work bath salts into it. The duke meets Gwendolyn. He calls her his lily-of-the-valley. Then we'll say that Gwendolyn is the proud possessor of our three-eighty-five assortment of ten different odors, and had that morning bathed in lily-of-the-valley. Therefore she wins the duke. Novel, eh?

CLARENCE: Novel!

CALIBER: We will use parts of your story as a starter. You can write more. Janson says you write quite a lot of that type. Do you know why I am in such a hurry to finish the deal? Janson said that the American Family Soap Company was after your "Rose of the Dawn."

CLARENCE: That damned Janson. Sneak!

ILEONE: No, he didn't mean well, we'll admit that. You would like to get even with him, wouldn't you? Wouldn't he laugh the other way if he found out that good really came to you through his joke? Look at the money you'll get and the chance you will have to beautify advertising. (*Rises from box*): You can do something never done before. You can put your own personality into the advertisement.

CLARENCE: And drown it in a tub of bath salts.

ILEONE: You are stubborn. Do you know that advertising is gradually supplanting literature at the universities? It is up to you to combine the two.

CALIBER: Better get in the game before it's too late.

CLARENCE (*shuddering*): Advertising! (*Hjalmer enters.*) A thousand times would I prefer to help this man than

(Concluded on page 32)



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

A Cantata by Garth Bentley

(The scene is laid on Christmas night. Around the flickering firelight within the house of Delta Club, the boys are gathered, after grub. The PLEDGES, playing on the floor, a half a dozen— maybe more—gaze often at the mantel low where sox are hanging in a row.)

The PLEDGES sing:

We're happy this evening
So happy you know
For the ground is all covered
With ice and with snow
And Santy can come with
His reindeer and sleigh
To bring us some toys
For a swell Christmas day.

(A fearsome shape comes through the door. It is a frightful SOPHMORE. The song is hushed; the PLEDGES quail; the dog departs with tucked-in tail. The SOPH shakes snow from out his hair and on the PLEDGES turns a glare.)

SOPH (speaking in a thunderous voice): What means this noise, you naughty boys? We'll have to take away your toys till you refrain or else explain. To punish you would cause me pain.

PLEDGES (in chorus, with trembling voices): You'll have to excuse us because we forgot the fraternity laws. We're just little boys foretasting the joys of a visit from old Santy Claus.

SOPH (looking at stocking hung over fire place):

You'd best be careful how you cheer— Who left their laundry hanging here?

(The FROSH in terror hang their beads and wish that they were in their beds.)

SOPH (roaring): Now isn't that a sight to see? The shelf where hard-earned trophies stood—

The cups of our fraternity That we have gathered as we could!

It seems to me a sad disgrace That this, the spot for urns and clocks, Be turned into a drying place For lengthy rows of dirty sox!

(And, striding forth with wrathful face he jerks a stocking from its place and to express his bristling ire he burls it in the blazing fire.)

A PLEDGE speaks up:

O, Sir, that stocking which you threw Into the fire belonged to you. One of your finest golf set. It was the largest I could get.

(The SOPH on hearing this sad news around the scene calumny strews. He gives his nose an awful tug and falls fainting on the rug. The PLEDGES kick him, pull his hair and park his corpse behind a chair.)

PLEDGES resume their singing:



W.H.T.

"These youngsters doubt that I am I,
Won't you step up and testify?"

We're happy this evening,
So happy and gay
For Santy by this time
Is well on his way
With a packful of candy
And playthings and toys
To go in the stockings
Of good little boys.

(The song is hushed; the room is still. A SENIOR steps across the sill. With dignity befitting age and placid mien like ancient sage, he beams upon the PLEDGES all who kneeling as his feet now fall.)

He speaks:

My children, rise resume your play Before my beard and hair grow gray I, too, was carefree, full of fun But now my playing days are done.

(He pauses in his speech to sit, lets fall a tear and thinks a bit.)

SENIOR speaking reminiscently:
It seems to me that in my day
A little poem we used to say
On Christmas Eve. . . . I can't recall—
PLEDGES:

O yes we know it, one and all
Shall we repeat it here tonight?

(In chorus all the FROSH recite):
'Twas the night before Christmas and
all through the house
The fraters were having an A-1 carouse.
The empties were stacked in the rear entry way
For the "old bottles" man who would
call the next day.
Two boys in the bath tub were mixing
the punch
To tickle the teeth of the rest of the
bunch.

We were sprawled on the couches, the
chairs and the floor,
When we heard a commotion around
the front door
Was it Federal snoopers who sought to
get in
Or the bootlegger bringing a fresh load
of gin?

We ran to the window—

SENIOR (breaking in):
Boys, will you cease
I'm sure you're reciting a quite different
piece.

It didn't go that way when I was a lad. . . .

This new generation has gone to the bad.

(He goes sadly off to his bed and his den and the FRESHMEN start singing their ditty again.)

We're happy this evening,

So happy are we

To think of the presents

On our Xmas tree

Old Santy! Dear Santy

We think you are swell—

SOPHOMORE (awakening):

What in the Hell!

PLEDGES (in horrified whispers):

Did you hear what he said?

It was awful! We hope

(Continued on page 26)



"I'd kiss you, Eve—but it would be so damned utilitarian, y' know."

GIFT CONTEST

Thousands in prizes. You may be the lucky one to win the grand prize. You need not buy this magazine to enter the contest. Just borrow ye *Parrot* from a brother, a sister, or a friend and trace the rules on a separate sheet of paper, giving them the paper. Read the three simple conditions and the one easy rule. Then try your hand.

Conditions:

1. Absolutely no ladies admitted unaccompanied by formal attire.
2. Only one bottle to a customer.
3. Positively restricted to youths 18 years and under by order of the Chicago Board of Censors.

Rule:

Name the most useful gift Santa ever left you. Then in six or eight thousand words explain why Taggett's *Olive Oil* should be swallowed by young and old of all races.

Prizes:

1. Beautiful hand-embossed pencil sketch of the laying of the corner stone of the "Walk-behind-the-gym."
2. One lavender gift-style life preserver for rainy days.
3. One bid to Junior Prom—reprint edition of 1926.

The following examples show you how:

1. "What gorgeous hankies. I was hoping someone would give me some, my dear."
2. "What a nice tie. Just what I needed."
3. "Of course, sweetheart, I've always wanted a Beta pin."
4. "Your offer to take me to the circus in May thrills me."
5. "How lovely that roadster is. Prettier than any of my others."

P. K.

The couple that went to the Junior Prom because they were wild about dancing.

PROM OLIVE OIL

Please take your arms from 'round my neck,

And get your hair out of my ear;
No, do not give me one more kiss,
You're too affectionate, my dear.

There's loads of room here at my side
So will you please get off my lap;
For my poor legs are half asleep,
With you here they will take a nap.

I like not your suggestion, sweet,
That we to all the night clubs roam;
I do not want another drink,
Indeed, 'tis high time we went home.

I think you're too demonstrative,
The girl I know that I'd like best
Is one who'd have a glorious time
In playing a drawn-out game of chess.
Willard Adcock.

Now that college students are getting younger every year, it is almost a certainty that the 1940 Junior Prom will be held on a merry-go-round.



PROM RULES

(Promulgated promiscuously)

1. The Edgewater Beach has requested that students refrain from bringing liquor. It hurts the Hotel's business.
2. Stags will have to stay out in the cold. This is neither a circus nor a Christmas pageant.
3. Between halves, there will be a peanut race put on by the chaperones. Betting on this is strictly against hotel rules and south-campus tradition.
4. The management has reserved the Goldfish room for such dances as the Drunken Lizard, Indiana Hop, and Oliver Twist.
5. The Anti-Cruelty to Animals Society, the Club for the Prevention of Pneumonia, and the Chicago Censors condemn the use of the swallow-tail as formal attire.
6. Specifically, a promenade means "a walk." A walk may mean anything.
7. Formerly, the Prom was divided into wings, like the Christmas turkey. This year, however, it is going to be divided differently—two people to a neck.

A. K.

Prom: I can't see how you get into that formal.

Trotter: Darned right you can't.



Jack: So one of the government men higher up is a friend of yours! Can you get what you want out of him?

Frost: Hardly. He's a weather official.



"Bill hung his stockings up Christmas Eve."
"What did he get?"
"A notice from the health department."

AT THE PROM

Onlooker: What a bump Jinny has on her ankle. She must have got hurt.

Looker-on: That's not a bump—that's cab fare.

"I want you to meet a beautiful woman—an artist's model."

"Okay, boy. What does she pose for?"

"Artistic beer kegs."

"The light of my life has gone out."

"Why, dear?"

"Just to get a drink."

If you saw a girl and a boy frisking about at the Junior Prom, would you call them a pair of rompers?

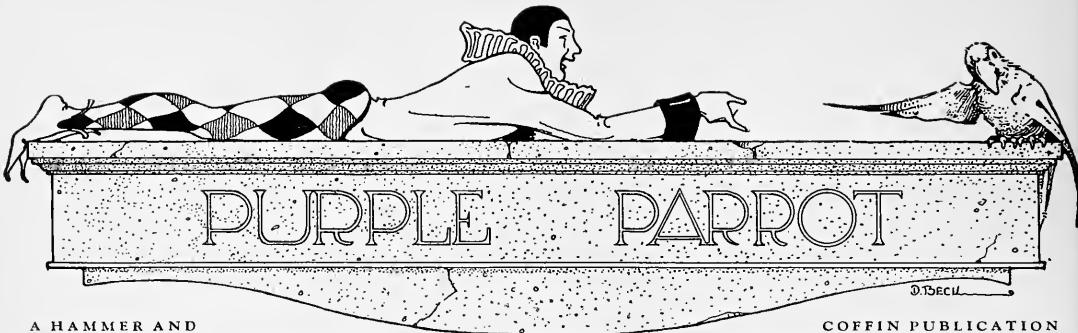
Jim: Talk about rating! Sally just let me have ten bucks.

Slim: That's nothin', I've got a married woman sending me through school.

Jim: Tha hell! Who is it?

Slim: My mother.





A HAMMER AND

COFFIN PUBLICATION

VOLUME X, No. 3

DECEMBER, 1929

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Entered at the Post Office at Evanston, Ill., as second class matter, November, 1924.

Twenty-five Cents the Copy. \$1.75 the Year.



"At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled
mirth;
But like of each thing that in season
grows."

So don't expect any roses. This is December—the month of Christmas, the month of growing tannenbaums, assignments, and colder, with only a burning Christmas tree, a basket ball game, or a Junior Prom to warm it up.

As you probably know, the poetry above was written by Shakespeare. It can't be very good, for Shakespeare, along with Milton, Wordsworth, Scott, and dozens of others, never, oh, never had advanced Comp.

The *Purple Parrot* will aid in taking away some of those cold spells. All you need is a quarter and a match.

The recent hubbub about Hell Week leads one to believe that this period is something invented by the Devil to combat Go-to-Church week. We hope that a compromise may be reached and that there will be just seven days for both, a general Go-to-Hell week.

The only serious things to be found in these editorials (?) are the mistakes.

Their purpose is not to instill school spirit. Such an end would be impossible to reach through the written word, and unnecessary. There has been more real spirit shown this last season than at any time during the last two years.

Even though things didn't turn out just right in the Indiana and Notre Dame games, there may be a Santa Claus. And to Santa Claus the December Purple Parrot is dedicated.

It was suggested that this number be given away free as a Christmas present, but all we can afford is a big

Merry Christmas



NEWS SCENTS

CAUGHT—"Opera Star Sticks to Short Skirts." (*Chicago Tribune*, October 24.)

NO COMMENT—"Virgin Takes Charge of McKinlock Y. M. Programs for Year." (*Daily Northwestern*, November 7.)

OMIT FLOWERS—"Carman to Go West." (*Chicago American*, November 8.)

STUNT-SWIMMER—"Mrs. Max Sherman, 5235 Pensacola Avenue, was hostess on November 2nd, to a shower for her sister, Miss Ida Swimmer, of Aurora, Ill., who is to be married on December 15 to Mr. David Stunt of Chicago." (*The Beltparker*, November 14.)

TO MARKET—"Other Woman in Berry Case." (*Chicago American*, November 15.)

WELL TAKEN CARE OF—"After snapping through a brisk half-hour signal drill, 29 Hawkeye gridders, in charge of Coach Burn Ingwersen, entrained this afternoon for Purdue." (*Chicago Tribune*, November 15.)

QUILTING PARTY—"Mrs. _____ entertained a group of Evanston friends at dinner and bridge Thursday evening at her home in Wilmette. There were covers for sixteen guests." (*Evanston Review*, November 21.)

SPECIMENS—"3 Chicagoans In Art Exhibit." (*Chicago American*, November 23.).

STEEPLE FIGHTERS—"Property owners' lawyer argues against zoning chaos as court fight on Cuneo tower neats end." (*Chicago Tribune*, November 24.)



The Scotch Santa Claus

EIGHT SIGNS OF APPROACHING CHRISTMAS

1. The forceful realization that most of your friends are taking orders for "Personal Greeting Cards," and that each one expects to sell you a few dozen at two or three bucks a throw.

2. The guarded inquiries of sundry acquaintances as to what size shirts and socks you use.

3. An increasingly regular rattle and clank of beer-trucks that pass in the night.

4. The plaintive appeals of three hundred brother Salvation Army Santas that you help to "Keep the Pot Boiling."

5. An example of how perfectly loving those girl friends can be when they really put themselves out.

6. Throngs of warring women pulling hair over the necktie bargain counters.

7. The insidious smirk on the face of the groceryman as he suggests that "May be you'd like to take along a little mistletoe to, er—ah, *decorate* your apartment.

8. A shower of heart-breaking over-the-holiday assignments, "just to do in your spare time."

C.

Our own herb doctor suggests the use of mistletoe for heartburn.

"No, sonny, that is not Santa Claus—that is _____."*

*Fill in the name that suits your fancy:

Lon Chaney
A horse's tail
Samson
A hairbrush.
Moses
Prof. Hatfield

XMAS CAROL

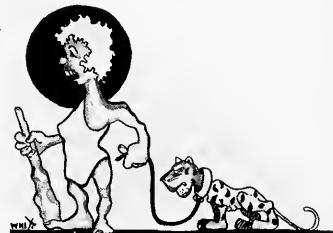
I know that the wisest professors
Say "Christmas" is really the word
And should never be spelled any different

Since it's named for the birth of the Lord.

But after some deep meditation,
With the holiday spirit still strong
I've come to the certain conclusion
That all of the savants are wrong.

When I figure the high cost of giving,
And the number of gifts to hand out,
My pocketbook wriggles in anguish
And my soul is pervaded with doubt.
And I know, as I count up the X's
Which flow to the gift seller's till,
That "Xmas" is really the spelling
And it's named for the ten-dollar bill.

G. B.



MY AMAZON WOMAN

*She's a big brutal brawler
A ripping tearing brawler
A ferocious snarling brawler
But I love her just the same.*

*She lives by eating lizards
And toads and buzzards' gizzards
She laughs at storms and blizzards
But I love her just the same.*

*Her arm is like a hammer
And b'lieve me she can slam 'er
Just like old Maggie, dam' 'er
But I love her just the same.*

*When she talks the tree-tops rumble
When she walks the pathways crumble
When she sings the mountains tumble
But I love her just the same.*

*She goes with no other feller;
Somehow they cannot quell 'er.
Even her best friends won't tell her
But I love her just the same.*

BLOOD: A JOYFUL CHRISTMAS TALE OF OLD CHICAGO

The scene is the exterior of a red-brick, Chicago police station, whose hideousness boldly meets the inquisitive rays of the noonday winter sun. Through the partly-opened, curtained windows comes the sound of heated Heidelberg drinking songs and jurisprudential jazz music which is wrapped in a halo of hilarity made holier by occasional application of religious phrases. After several people have passed unconcernedly, two men enter from the right, and glance at the tarnished, gilded letters that spell "Police Station" across the front of the building. They are evidently seeking something that is not to be found. The noise within the station diminishes.

CRACK: Now, this is the place mentioned in that letter from the *Midnight Sun* reporter. Right on this corner is where it should be, but it isn't. If we wait long enough some fellow from the *Midnight Sun* will be around.

PEN: Why bother? Why wait? We're business men, we are, and if a customer can't keep his appointment, he's the one that's out of luck. Crack, I don't think we are on the right corner. There ain't no Noitats Eclop here, and if there was, we wouldn't know what it looked like, anyway.

CRACK: We answered his ad; he answered our letter. With all those preliminaries he's bound to show up.

PEN: I suppose I'll have to wait. You're sure to get your own way.

CRACK: My way is our way.

PEN: And if anything goes wrong, you get the blame.

CRACK: Ain't I going to share the money with you?

PEN: Of course. On second thought we better wait for this reporter fellow. No reporter, no murder, no money!

CRACK: I wonder what the details of this job are going to be.

PEN: Probably some millionaire is going to get the lead.

CRACK (*taking out a cigarette, lighting it, and putting the package back without offering it to his friend*): If he ain't here by the time I finish this cigarette, we'll go up and warm ourselves in the station.

PEN: Fine! But listen, an idea just popped into my head. What if this is a trick and some guy's going to come out and stick us behind the bars upstairs?

CRACK: Are you going crazy? Even though we're wanted for a couple murders, they couldn't take us in. The cells are filled with criminal women who were caught playing bunc.

PEN: If that guy doesn't show—

(A thin man, walking backwards, enters slowly from the right. He is holding a hand mirror before his eyes so that he can see where he is going.)

CRACK: For the love of a mother, look at that!

PEN: Must be some nut!

(The man with the mirror walks to Crack and Pen, and his back towards the two men, addresses them.)

REPORTER: I am a reporter, and I'm working on a big case. Are you Pen and Crack?

CRACK: If you're the reporter from the *Midnight Sun*, we're Crack and Pen. If not, we're Amos and Andy.

REPORTER: Yes, I'm from the *Midnight Sun*, and it is I whom you are to meet today at the police station.

PEN: Police station? The paper said at the Noitats Eclop.

REPORTER: That was just a slight error on my part. So many times I get things backward. It's this damn mirror but I hate to get rid of it because it makes everything look so much bigger and brighter—like a different world.

CRACK: That's all the same to us. Now to business! Your ad in the paper said you wanted two men to murder a man with from four to forty children. We're here to do it.

REPORTER: You'll be well paid.

CRACK: What's the happy father's name?

REPORTER: I can't tell you, because I do not know. But any father with the specified number of children will be satisfactory.

CRACK: I don't get you.

REPORTER: Here's the case: There are two more days until Christmas. A father is killed. Think of the children, alone on Christmas Eve, the father killed by gunmen, beer runners, members of the landlord's association, Mayor Thompson, W. C. T. U., the other woman—anything that fits the mood of the day. Think of the story, the pictures, the tear drops.

PEN: Hmm. A father of from four to forty children—let's make it one with forty.

CRACK: Why?

PEN: Death would be a blessing to him.

CRACK: How in hell can we tell if a man is a father of an army?

REPORTER: By his worn look, by his old clothes, by his sad expression, and by his slow walk.

CRACK: Well, Pen, let's get to work. We'll wait for such a man to come along.

REPORTER (*looking at police station*): Yes, this is about the safest place. Have you guns? (Crack and Pen draw their revolvers.) I'll be leaving you now. Good luck, boys.

(Walking backwards, he exits to the right. Again we hear singing from the police station. Pen and Crack smoke cigarettes. Several people pass by. A ragged-clothed old man, barely able to walk, enters from the left.)

(Concluded on page 30)



"For the love of a mother, look at that!"

IF I WERE A WOMAN

Judd Judson

You'll think I'm insane when I tell you this, but really I'm not. You'll laugh and slyly poke one another in the ribs. Yet you must not, for what I'm going to tell you means life and happiness to me.

This is it: a black fear is eating the heart out of me—sh-h-h, don't laugh at me—a fear that some morning I'll wake up and find that I've changed into a woman! No, I'm not crazy. Stranger things than that have happened; and I'm afraid.

But I'm prepared, too. I've planned and figured just what I'd do if I were a woman. You wouldn't be able to point at me and giggle when you saw me on the street, for I've studied everything our. I'd be just like a woman.

After I had awakened and fully realized the horrible change—that I was now a woman—I'd hop out of bed and slip on my trousers—I mean my dress. I'd rush out into the street and anxiously peer up and down for a man. And when I saw him (it wouldn't make any difference who he was—it might even be the mail-man), I'd hustle up to him. With a sort of sweet-like smile I would ask,

"Have you bought your *Syllabus* yet?"

The man might not know what the *Syllabus* was.

"Oh," I'd answer gaily, "It's a book. You really should have one."

And if he did not buy one, I wouldn't say anything. I'd just think to myself: "What a big, uneducated sap you are. Have you no compassion for woman-kind?"

But one refusal wouldn't daunt me. I'd go up to the next man and ask him if he had bought his *Student Directory*.

"I've promised to buy it from a friend," he might answer.

Again I wouldn't say anything, but I'd think, "Imagine the nerve! He'd buy it from a friend and not from me!"

After about ten refusals to buy the *Syllabus*, the *Student Directory*, MS, *Campus Outlook*, and *Student Opinion*, I'd

decide that all the world was a big brute, trying to crush the spirit out of poor, defenseless womanhood. Despondently, I'd drag my way over to the sorority house—

Yes, of course, I'd join a sorority, but I'd be scientific about it. For the first year I'd hold out on them all, and attend all the teas, bridge parties, dinners, and cozies I could. They'd all want me because my grandfather is president of a bank or something, and I'd rate on account of him. Finally, I'd choose the sorority whose pin best matched the necklace that my home-town fellow had given me.

Home-town fellow? Why, I'd forget him completely.. I couldn't be true to him and still get that broad, collegiate viewpoint. I'd have lots of dates, and I'd egg them on by being an attentive listener. There's the secret to popularity. If I were out with an athlete, of course, athletics would rule the evening; if my date were a student, books would be the hub of conversation. To each one I would be the only one who understands.

When I'd dance, I'd sing in my partner's ear. My voice would be the "dusky tenor" kind, and I would end every tune with a p-dap-a-da or a bo-do-del-o. That's ritzy and proves to your date that you've been around. I'd inject a few vigorous words into my vocabulary such as "cute," "screemish," and "snazzy." This would show that I had left home for good and was now in college.

As for clothing, I'd just wear the native garb with one exception. I wouldn't wear silk hose. I don't know what I'd wear in place of them, but I can't stand runners that start every time one sits down on anything except a plush seat. I'd like to bend my legs back under an elevated seat once in awhile.

And while I was living, dating, and studying a bit when no one called me up on Wednesday and Friday nights, I'd always keep this thought, the ambition of every woman, uppermost in my mind: the winning of a permanent meal ticket.



Santa comes to the campus



June Bride



The Bore's Head



THE SHOW by Alan A. Edelson

That wry but illustrious critic of theatre and times, Mr. George Jean Nathan, has publicly denounced Mr. John Henry Mears, the producer, as being incapable of recognizing worthwhile plays, and has directed Mr. Mears to desist from further dispatch of admittances. I tender the same warning; I'll have no more of Mr. Mears' tickets cluttering up my box. Mr. Nathan's denouncement is his reception of *The Nut Farm*; this bureau's follows *Fires of Spring*, *Brothers*, and other trash of like mediocrity that maintains a half-nelson on Chicago's theatre.

Brothers (Erlanger) is the cheap sort of romance in melodrama that one expects from Mr. Mears. Once more he lures talking picture patriots to theatre seats. Mr. Bert Lytell (a trump!), of the screen, jumps into and out of "boiled shoits" and waterfront habiliments, sniffs cocaine in Seiditz powder doses, fools a mother into thinking he is her son, and then marries his brother's betrothed after shooting himself. Critics that reviewed the theatre of the Civil War may be turning in their graves while this illustration of the element of necessary evil in the theatre is to be seen.

But the American premiere of *The First Mrs. Fraser* (Princess) stimulates confidence in the Chicago area as a play market. St. John Ervine is at his peak, resplendent in an intelligent knowledge of dramatic values, humorous (but not funny) as no American dramatist has shown himself to be, and an artist in the delineation of comedy-drama characters. *The First Mrs. Fraser* (the second represents our inconsiderate youth, in part) concerns itself impartially with divorce, and is sprinkled copiously with tragic instances as well as restrained comedy.

Miss Grace George is here with this palatable drama dish that provokes superlatives. From the third row she is as lovely as always and still easily the cleverest and most talented woman for comedy-drama and high comedy parts. With her calm, poseless artistry that proves itself and rests on no laurels she

seems as charming as Miss Goodner, the attractive wanton flapper-wife of the play. Mr. A. E. Matthews, the good Britisher of *Interference*, is an actor whose fluency can teach Americans much that they need. He and Mr. Grossmith are able assistants for Miss George, for whose presentation MM. Shubert earn open thanks.

The Love Duel (Harris) transports Miss Barrymore as far from *The Kingdom of God* as *Caprice* is from *The Merchant of Venice*, for example. It is an ample lot more of the artificial cult of love-as-a-game which employs stinging repartee in the place of warm, heaving embraces (or do persons actually act this way when they reach the Swiss Alps, or Holland, or Vienna?) In a play like *The Love Duel* the spectator is likened to the movie fiend who gets his weekly romance in nine neatly-canned reels.

The part as the female connoisseur in love who revels in her inaccessibility, but who eventually condescends to happiness when she catapults for a mere male is in Miss Barrymore's lap. Yet one wonders how much longer she can keep these young roles, and why she, with her purring vocal noises, should impose additional hardships on the ears of the audience. No other actress, I believe, so certainly shows that she considers herself an artist. The play is by Lili Hatvany, adapted smoothly by Miss Zoe Akins, and acted with perfection by Mr. Louis Calhern.

Hamlet, in its beginnings as history, possibly was given as Mr. Fritz Leiber gives it at the new Civic theatre. Mr. Leiber traverses the particularly immortal passages with no undue *hysterica passio*, and not as though he were the academic puppet restoring blood and speech to the lines distorted by so many pedantic scholars. He is a sympathetic and understanding actor who presents the play for what it is worth, not for what it represents. For what Shakespeare meant it to be—a model of dramatic consistency and technic and knowledge of acting, theatre, and theatre-goer—is *Hamlet* presented.

Mr. Leiber "reads" little, as he does when he flings himself to the steps after the spirit departs its secret, and "acts" less. As Brutus, in Julius Caesar, Mr. Tyrone Power reverses the method, but his acting is so fluent that it is not conspicuous and irritating as it is in *Casius*, played by Mr. Cecil.

Because of Miss Katharine Cornell, *The Age of Innocence* (Selwyn) is not an utter disappointment. This well-staged and well-acted version of Mrs. Wharton's long novel of the seventies suffers from over-exploitation. It is the only play I remember in which most of the audience fails to recognize the end. Its final scene is awkward, to speak with charity.

The Age of Innocence grasps much of the color and flowery pomp of post-bellum days. Cotillions, railroad bills, Boss Tweed, knickerbockers and dowagers in bustles when New York meant 22nd Street are used, but the play stands as a failure without Miss Cornell. In a role more suitable than the one in *The Letter*, she is as charming and electric as Miss Irene Bordoni (whose short stay with Paris is another instance of our lack of discrimination). What revue or musical comedy in recent years had a skit to compare with Miss Bordoni's "Babes in the Wood" or her Franco-American impersonations? Miss Cornell's voice has the clearness, melody, and ready change of pitch so noticeably absent in Miss Barrymore. Elan, ardor, helpless fierceness, vivacity are Miss Cornell's as Countess Olenska of the play. With a good actress in a play it is difficult to find space to write of the play.

The grandest show of the month, however, was the opening of our new house of civic opera. Its supreme handsomeness was not obtained at the expense of the company for once more Muzio, Raisa, Garden, Glade, Mason, Leider, Macbeth, Van Gorden, Mock, Claessens, and Olszewska and MM. Marshall, Bonelli, Cortis, Hackett, Defrere, Formichi, Rimini, Kipnis, Lazarati, and Maison are back.

PURPLE PARROT

SONNY BOY'S DIARY

- Nov. 1st—Thirsty, sober, and blue.
Nov. 2nd—(Illinois game). There is a Santa Claus.
Nov. 3rd—Boston coffee, church, and aspirin.
Nov. 4th—Took a math quiz.
Nov. 5th—Stiff neck.
Nov. 6th—Wired home to pa: send me money or will have to hock fur coat.
Nov. 7th—Cold—damn cold.
Nov. 8th—Started for Columbus at 1:30 P. M. Got a lift from a Harvard man. 2:30—Looking for another lift. 3:30—Got picked up by a red-haired Alpha Chi. 5:00 P. M.—"I want my mamma."
Nov. 9th—Football and pitfalls.
Nov. 10th—Party broke up. Picked up wrong shirt.
Nov. 11th—Woke up in Fountain Square. Had some good oyster stew at DuB's.
Nov. 12th—Got a letter from ma: "Surprise coming in mail on the 15th."
Nov. 13th—Bought a flask on credit.
- Nov. 14th—Mail! Red flannels.
Nov. 15th—Back on water wagon.
Nov. 16th—Indiana game. Going to let my beard grow.
Nov. 17th—Met a keen Pi Phi pledge.
Nov. 18th—Shaved.
Nov. 19th—Caught in crap game. \$25.00 or ten days.
Nov. 20th—Breakfast in bed.
Nov. 21st—Breakfast in bed.
Nov. 22nd—Breakfast in bed.
Nov. 23rd—Breakfast in bed.
Nov. 24th—Breakfast in bed.
Nov. 25th—Ma, pa, minister, dean of men, twenty-five dollars, and a hell of a lot of advice.
Nov. 26th—Flunk notices—some more advice.
Nov. 27th—Attended all classes. Won my bet.
Nov. 28th—Turkey, toasts, tight.
Nov. 29th—Going, going, gone.
Nov. 30th—Mother, milk soup, and memories.

A. K.



Stage I
Getting Acquainted



Stage II
True Friendship

THE NORTHWESTERN TECHNIQUE

Billé Doux, notorious college widow, and Oscar, intrepid Phi Beta, co-operate in a demonstration of the Northwestern technique of passion.

Love, like Charles I, is divided into two parts. These two parts or stages are clearly set forth in the pictorial representations, and so little else need be said. However, a point well remembering is that this Northwestern variety of love-making cannot attain success unless during the procedure a characteristic sound emanates from the masculine pocket such as may be produced by a large silver coin coming into contact with several others. It may even be dogmatically said that the degree of success varies directly as the degree of sound emanating.

Primarily this demonstration is for the young and unworldly Freshmen, Sig Alphs, and, in general, for all other Platonists lacking in true holy passion. Thereby, it is hoped all N. U. students will adapt themselves to this methodology and hence loyally extend the good name of our Alma Mater in other than athletic channels.

I. B.

"Forget the past and the future, Jack, it's the present that counts."

Torahine O'Brien

21





Things Worth Seeing on Campus

The Phi Mu Alphas whenever they bring the piano along. . . . Words to the songs chanted in the one certain bus returning from that famous Geology trip to the Dells. . . . Gentle Almeda Sharon, who discovered, much to a prof's permanent chagrin, that a fire cracker is not recognized as a rock. . . . Paul Cummins, who left a white-wash autograph on a granite mountain near Kilbourn last summer. Despite the stigma, you frantic public, he is still worth seeing—on account of his Orrington Room mate. . . . Professor McGovern, who states that the Mohammedan conception of heaven is a fancy fish tale. Their idea is to drink and drink and never get drunk. It is quite possible that that accounts for the lack of worship for dear old Allah in the west. Who said that . . . Wally Glass without U. H. gate. . . . Jeanette Schwengel, who is having the courage to announce her secret engagement to a boy scout in Waikiki or the Hawaiis. . . . The Grad student who wrote such a tribute to the *DAILY'S* Independent Girl and incidentally to all of us in his editorial. . . . Marion Lowenthal giving an interpretation of Main Street. She's the only gal in Speech with whom that shy Sig is sociable. . . . Sloppy Hardwick, in D6, cracking his knuckles at the old-fashioned, bobbed sister who WILL quote an author's middle initial. . . . Professor Lardner's expression immediately upon the spouting of his larf, "Henh." . . . The Blond D. G. who wears a ribbon around her braids and quotes, with feeling, "My Soul Today Is Far Away." . . . The actual cash customer for MS which enfante we must rock-a-bye because it is stealing our stuff.

. . . In lieu of the Pi Phis obedience to the non-smoking rule, may we raise our eyebrow at one of the lasses who won six cartons of cigs on the Madison game. . . . Tommy Warne doing just what he did to deserve being locked in a trunk. . . . The Theta who ruined her thumb and said she did it making the homecoming float. Page loyal members of T. N. E. and Kappa Beta Phi. . . . Bill Miller's printable stories. You guess first. . . . Boots MacLean in purple. . . . Jack McKinley's green shirt and tie. Gordon Sprague's needs shampooing, too. . . . Elynore Dolkart arguing with an instructor who has admitted that it's a losing game. . . . Arthur Riley Cool who looks as if he is ready any sec. to spring back to Colorado Springs. . . . Speaking of the Rileys, how about the Alphagam's little smoothy, Jane. . . . Peggy Parker's picture in the wandering DePauw Phi Gam's room. . . . Mister Cook, in the English department, who comes from the Alpha Deltas in Cleveland and who goes down the drive Sunday at tea time holding the poor gal's hands "because they were cold." . . . Helen Lenehan, because she has an idealized theory of heaven. That's what I said when I heard the story. . . . Herbeft Blades' waistline. . . . The Kolker sisters' calf coat. . . . Norval Richardson's paint job on the La Salle. . . . Jo Thyer, the Chio's perfect pledge. . . . Bob Short who becomes a party at the mention of Liza. . . . The girl at Willard who lost her switch on way to class. Frank Torgerson when he is not at the K. D. house. . . . Professor Smart talking about woman in the broader sense. Requiescat. Blix Nichol's dog. . . . Bill Roberts, the Great Junk Man. . . . Peg Wallace with gardenias in her hair. . . . Conrad Swan giving the Alpha Phis a daily appearance. . . . Brownie Parks who is plenty SOUTH and I do not mean Chicago. . . . Sai Chow Doo who knows the truest working connotation of our over-done friend, Composition. . . . The Delta Zeta pledges who wear concealed Sig Alpha pins. . . . Don Stewart's black socks and uncollegiate beam. . . . Martha Harton's taste in formal dates. . . . Jay Kolliner's deep appreciation of "Love Me or Leave Me." . . . Mary Lutz' perforated gloves and Helen Potel's kneeless hose. . . . Phil Hooker without a hat. . . . That Cordova lad with an unborrowed smoke. . . . Eunice Yanke standing still and having no tickets to sell. . . . The general uproar when Dee Vogel lost her diamond. Found hours later in pocket. . . . George and Bob Barrett, the McKinlock boys with the skunk coats. . . . Frances Weld who used to darn Stew McLaughlin's socks until the Blue Laws and California got him. . . . Johnny Haas' hat. The red elephant in the Tri Delt window. . . . Ray Thorson's pins. These downtown boys have the charms. . . . Three party girls wandering in the quad Halloween in N sweaters. . . . Gil Johnson who couldn't rate the Stude Directory. . . . Prof. Herrold being specific in Advertising and suggesting that the note takers should have memories: "Don't be scribblers all your lives. The scribblers never do anything." Our curiosity is, however, unstillled. . . . Tom Riley, the north campus record-swiper. . . . The delirious felt hat who took a Phi Kap pin and let the Alpha Delt freeze. . . . Dick Oldberg who refused to send perennials to the AOPi at the Infirmary. . . . The one thing really worth seeing will be to me the day Oswald Baxter and Hal Boyer find my phone number. In the meantime, it looks like a Fanny May Christmas. Into every life some rain must fall.



Good riddance



Good showing



Good buy



Good luck



Good night!

THE MONTH in BOOKS

PECCADILLOES

Faraday Keene

(The John Day Company)

The readers of *Vanity Fair* may be faintly interested—it is not "smart" this "season" to be more than faintly interested—in knowing that Faraday Keene, one of the magazine's constant contributors, has bound nineteen of his short stories into a volume, and is now awaiting the royalties which are the wages of charmingly told sin. He is, no doubt, smoking Murads by the carload as he waits for the verdict. So characteristic is the style of the finished product that it lacks only some caricatures by Ralph Barton, and several of Dorothy Parker's evanescent verses to pass for this month's copy of "the magazine for discriminating and sophisticated taste."

Mr. Keene's gayly ironical vignettes of modern life are fitting backgrounds for his brilliant characters. They wander wearily through the pages, seeking revenge by means of circuitous deception and calculated lies; loving in secret, and concealing their hatred under sparkling sophistication. The reader is sympathetically bored with their ennui as they fall in love with one another's wives, and spend their idle moments in putting wealthy boors forever in their places with oscarwidian thrusts of conversation. We forget, such is the intimacy of our acquaintance, that the lives of the characters are concerned chiefly with murder, adultery and suicide, and that we are completely in sympathy with them.

The final story in the book, *The Screw*, is free from almost every technical flaw. It is a character sketch with such intense attention to small and significant detail that it becomes a finished design. The story is one of a mother who tries desperately to avoid discovering proof that her only son is a thief and a murderer. The mother, strangely

enough, is not the stronger of the two characters, although she is evidently meant to be the central figure. Andy, the handsome and beloved, the pitifully weak, stands out sharply, drawn in heavy blacks and whites, in contrast to the mauve and grey of Faraday Keene's other suavely villainous heroes.

Josephine O'Brien.

THE CLASS OF 1902

By Ernst Glaeser
translatedBy Willa and Edwin Muir
(The Viking Press)

There is a tendency among reviewers either to exalt as magnificent literature, or to condemn as merely pornographical, all novels dealing with sexual abnormalities. As a matter of fact, Ernst Glaeser's *Class of 1902* is neither. It is, however, a significant and interesting contribution to that class of fiction led by Miss Radcliffe Hall's *Well of Loneliness*.

The main theme of the *Class of 1902* is that of the changes wrought in the life of an adolescent boy by the Great War. His morbid wonderings concerning the "mystery," his encounters with the explanations of others, and his precocious acceptance of the more abnormal aspects of life, seem at first to have been clarified by the advent of the war. But as time goes on and the "Lists of Dead," accumulate and he meets actual starvation, his mind returns to its former state.

There is a magnificent set of chapters descriptive of the exuberance and hope of Germany at the outbreak of the war. Every one is happy and singing and gay. Socialist and capitalist embrace one another, and everyone forgets his personal strife and hatreds. Only Ferd, the hero's best friend, tries to explain it by "They have forgotten them because they need their hatred for other people. It is all the same."

In the *Class of 1902* Mr. Glaeser has attempted to achieve stark realism in his character delineation. Taking each character separately, he has succeeded remarkably well; but when one sees the book as a whole, without a single completely normal person in it, the effect is too neurotic, too ghoulish to be real. It is intensely interesting, however, and, having started to read it, one is obsessed to finish it; but, reaching the end, one is left with the feeling of having smoked too many cigarettes and having drunk too much beer.

John Carter.

Dad: I've recently learned how to tell character from handwriting.

Son (Home for the holidays): Tell me what my handwriting means.

Dad: Money.

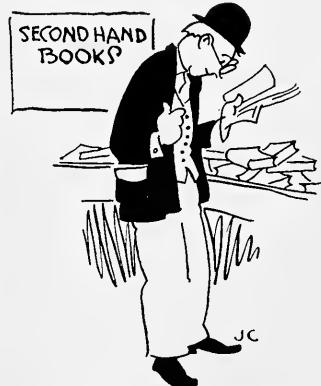
"Is this a first-class restaurant?"

"Yes, but if you sit over there in that dark corner, we'll serve you."

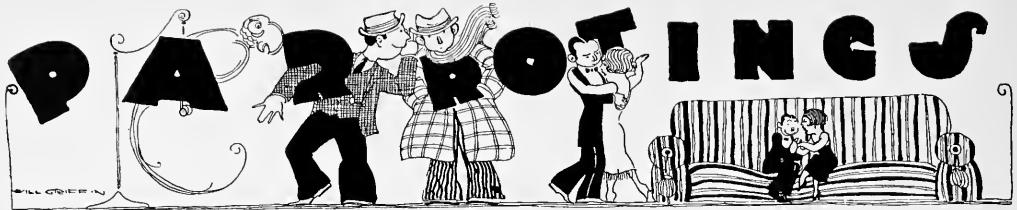
Blasted be the ties that bind.

RADIO SONG

Christmas morning's here at last—
(*Bermuda Sausage falling fast*)
Come, with tuneful singing!
Stockings full for you and me,
Treasures 'neath the Christmas tree—
(*Now it's jumped from ten to three*)
Hearts that beat with mirth and glee
Christmas day is bringing.
CRASH!



Just a Scotchman looking for a free translation.



THE LAST STRAW

The humor editor sat and scowled. In his bloodshot eyes there burned the last ember of that fire that keeps men living and striving against the odds of life. His hands were clinched, one on the arm of an old, worn office chair, and the other on a bit of crumpled yellow paper. As his tired, wildly piteous eyes roamed the small office he caught sight of the editor standing wonderingly over him. With a look that seemed to say, "This is the last; I am beaten," he laid the bit of paper on the table before him. "A telegram," thought the editor, "his old mother is dying." But then he picked it up, to read:

"Dear Sir:

I thought that maybe you would be wanting some jokes for your magazine. Here is one that I thought of myself. I hope you will use it, as I think it is very good.

Mother: John, eat your greens.

John: Make Henry eat his.

Henry: I don't want mine, Mama. Any time I can help, let me know. I like to write jokes."

Cajoler.

Cannibal Scout: A Floating University just sunk and a crowd of co-eds have been washed ashore.

Young Cannibal Prince: Goody, Goody! Now we can have lady fingers for tea.

Hulla-Baloo.

An elderly lady walked into a railroad ticket office at Chicago and asked for a ticket to New York.

"Do you wish to go by Buffalo?" asked the ticket agent.

"Certainly not!" she replied. "By train, if you please!"

Drexerd.

"Is that University Hall over there?"

"I don't know, I've forgotten everything I ever learned in college!"

Exchange.

He: One more touchdown and the bungalow's ours.

Jester.

He: Oh! That's my foot; please get off.

The Strap-hanger: Why don't you put your foot where it belongs?

He: Don't tempt me, madam.

Judge.

Mother: What's making that awful racket?

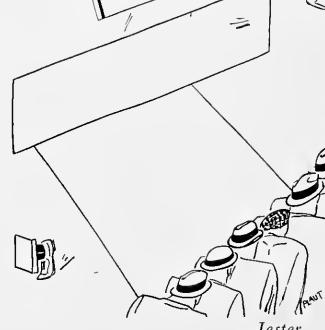
Little Boy: Grandma ain't used to her new teeth yet, and she's bustin' up all the saucers drinkin' her tea.

Flamingo.

Bridegroom (*in poetic frenzy as they stroll along the shore*): Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll on.

Bride: Oh, Gerald, how wonderful you are. It's doing it.

Jack o' Lantern.



"Time me around the track, Coach?"
"Sure. Wair'll I get my calendar."

Jester.

"What school is hardest for a fellow to get through?"

"Vassar."

Juggler.

Hill: So tomorrow is your wedding anniversary. What do you expect to get for your wife?

Gill: I don't know. I haven't had any offers.

Exchange.

Poppa: Did you take the university intelligence test?

Sonna (*triumphantly*): Yes, but they didn't find out anything. I answered all the questions wrong!

Panther.

If kisses speak volumes, let's start a library!

Siren.

MISTAKE

Lieutenant (*roaring with rage at steward*): Who told you to put those flowers on the table?

Steward: The commander, sir.

Lieut.: Pretty, aren't they?

Pelican.

The other day Ole and Jens, who are novices at the game, went fishing. Strangely enough, they happened to hit a good spot and hauled in quite a bunch of whoppers.

"By yee, das fine fishing hole—das mark das place and comb back tomorrow," suggested Ole, and proceeded to pull up the anchor.

Then as they neared the shore, Ole asked, "Did yo mark das place vare ve caught dose fish?"

"You bet," answered Jens, "Ay poor cross mark on da side da boat."

Ole snorted at Jens' ignorance: "Well, lunkhead, how do you know we'll get das same boat tomorrow?"

Georgia Yellow Jacket.



OVER
8
MILLION
A DAY

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS



PAUSE AND REFRESH YOURSELF

AND ANYBODY WHO
EVER RAN AFTER A
TRAIN THAT WAS
GOING FASTER THAN
HE WAS KNOWS THERE
IS NOTHING ELSE TO
DO BUT.

Run far enough, work long
enough, play hard enough and
you've got to stop. That's when
the pause that refreshes makes
the big hit. Happily you can find
it around the corner from any-
where, waiting for you in an ice-
cold Coca-Cola, the pure drink
of natural flavors that makes any
little minute long enough for a
big rest.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE
PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

©6

Polly Offers a Snappy Suggestion for a College Christmas

YOUR friend at another university—your high school brother or sister—your roommate who failed to subscribe last fall—or even your maiden aunt who is still wondering what college is all about . . . these are a few of the possible candidates for a subscription to the PURPLE PARROT from you this Christmas.

Let Polly help you out on this pesky gift problem by sending the remaining six issues, including this one, to the people you want to see made happy with a real college Christmas present.

The cost is only \$1.25. Use the coupon.

NORTHWESTERN PURPLE PARROT

PURPLE PARROT
University Hall 101, Evanston, Ill.

Enclosed is \$1.25. Please send the remaining six issues to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Sent by _____

(Continued from page 13)

That the Juniors will scour
His mouth out with soap!

SOPHOMORE (*direfully*):

You birds are crazy
Singing that song.
Back to the cradles
Where you belong.
Babbling and yammering
That sort of a rot.
There ain't any Santy—
Believe it or not!

(The SOPH departs to get some sleep. The PLEDGES all break down and weep.)

PLEDGES:

Boo Hoo! Boo Wow and ten Baw Baws!
He said there ain't no Santy Claus!.

(But, ah, a window opens wide; a chubby person crawls inside. Vast bobs of spinach hide his jaw. He looks a lot like G. B. Shaw. His suit is colored brightest red. A stocking cap is on his head.)

He speaks:

What's all the tears about?
What can the matter be?
I really, truly must find out
And give my sympathy.
It surely cannot be a play
That you are all rehearsin'.
Just look who's here a bit to stay—
I'm Santy Claus in person!

PLEDGES (*still sobbing*):

You can't kid us one bit because
There isn't any Santy Claus. . . .

SANTY CLAUS: Who told you that?

PLEDGES: The Sophomore.

We don't believe you any more.

(St. Nick looks thoughtful for a while, and on his face there breaks a smile. He whistles loud and snaps his thumb. And through the door three people come.)

SANTY CLAUS:

These youngsters doubt that I am I,
Won't you step up and testify?

(The three line up against the wall, one is an ATHLETE huge and tall, one is dressed in raccoon skin and one's a CO-ED—very thin.)

The CO-ED steps forth and warbles:

I'm always in demand you know
And never lack for any dates,
It seems I'm ever on the go
To shows and parties, teas and fêtes,
The men buy flowers, candy, books,

(Concluded on page 27)

WHEN YOU THINK OF FLOWERS

THINK OF
London's
FLOWER SHOP

1712 SHERMAN AVE.
EVANSTON, ILL.

Phone University 632-1542

FLOWERS BY TELEGRAPH

(Continued from page 26)

And all they get is applesauce
And one or two flirtatious looks—
Who says there is no Santy Claus?

JOE COLLEGE sings:

I never cracked a single book,
I always slept in every class.
The lamp of learning I forsook
To spend my parents' hard-earned brass.
I copied in my ex. today
From one in whom ambition gnaws.
He got a D and I an A—
Who says there is no Santy Claus?

The ATHLETE speaks up:

My board and my tuition paid,
My grades are always high enough;
And all the old professors staid
Pay honor to my wildest bluff.
I am the hero of the squad,
A gilded idol just because
I kick a football o'er the sod—
Who says there ain't no Santy Claus?

(All three join in chorus accompanied by Santy on a Jew's-harp.)

Tho' some of you may doubt it
And cite a lot of flaws,
We three are sure about it;
There is a Santy Claus.

PLEDGES (all together): Yes, we believe all you have said.

SANTY: Then, better hie along to bed.

Pledges exit and Santy—who is a ragman in disguise, starts stuffing all the stockings into his pack. Various sophs enter and build a tree out of paddles. Profs and English instructors enter and trim tree with flunk slips, E's and incompletes. Dean comes in window and adds a few over-cut notices.

All sing in chorus:

Merry Xmas to you,
Merry Xmas to you,
Merry Xmas, dear Pledges,
We're sorry for you—
Curtain

"I always thought you were a gentleman," she wept as he let her out of his car in front of her house at eleven o'clock, "and now I know it."

Ski-u-Mah.



Finger Waving
Permanent Waving
and High Grade
Toiletries
Our Specialties

MARNETTE SALON

1739 Sherman Avenue

Phone University 1104

Gowns

for Evening

The college miss, altho most exacting in her demands, can be perfectly suited in our shop--at her price, too.

Gowns from \$27.50

Wraps from \$75.00

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at

Frank Sullivan, Inc.

1615 Sherman Avenue

Evanston

Ground Floor, Hahn Bldg.

SPECIAL OFFER BROWN SUEDES

\$3.95

50 STYLES—HIGH AND LOW HEELS
ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS

HOSIERY **KOTZ** SHOES
619 DAVIS STREET

2603 Prairie Avenue

Evanston

DAVID E. NORD *Cleaners and Dyers*

Tailoring and Repairing
Remodelling

Our work is our best recommendation

Greenleaf 1482

If you open on two jacks, that's gambling; if you pick the winning horse, that's pastime; if you bet Consolidated Steel will go up, that's big business.

Owl.

Sentimental Joan: I love him! I love him! I love him!

Slangful Susie: For the love of Pete!
Who are they?

Witt.

MOTHER: Here, here, children,
what's this going on here?"

LITTLE JANE: We're playing
"Outraged Wife Breaks Up Love Nest."

Siren.

Speaking of sad cases—how about the English professor who received a theme with no punctuation marks, and died trying to hold his breath until the last page!

Old Maid.

Headline in newspaper:
"GAS OVERCOMES GIRL WHILE
TAKING BATH"

"Miss Cecelia Jones owes her life to the watchfulness of the elevator boy and the janitor of the hotel where she was stopping."

Brown Jug.

Everything for the Man's Christmas

A gift of haberdashery is the ideal solution to the problem of the man's Christmas. Our line is replete with the latest things men like. Come in and let us help you make a selection you know will be appreciated.

Socks Gloves Dress Shirts Ties
Mufflers Handkerchiefs Garters
Suspenders Collars Formal Jewelry

—
E. S. EH MEN
1716 Sherman Avenue

Two Doors North of Varsity Theater

Eating at the
**COFFEE
SHOP**

Is always a satisfaction

Because you serve yourself—
leisurely or hastily—as you wish.
Because you can be sure of a
wide selection of really good food.

Self Service Operated by the

**NORTH SHORE
HOTEL**

Chicago Avenue at Davis



Hey, Fella!

This is YOUR ship!



YOU wouldn't learn to ride in the barnyard! Whatever the big, broadbacked dray horse teaches you about horsemanship will stand you in mighty poor stead when you climb on the back of a spirited polo pony, or slide your leg over a francing hunter!

WHEN YOU LEARN TO FLY—learn in a spirited ship. Learn in a thoroughbred that responds to the slightest touch of the joy stick—that roars along at lightning speed, and throttles down to a slow, smooth, three-point landing!

The flying school that teaches you how in a Great Lakes Trainer is offering the most modern and safest flying equipment developed. A swankier ship than the Great Lakes Trainer never took the air. Graceful and speedy—it slips along like a swallow going south for the winter. Balanced—with an uncanny, almost human coordination between rudder and ailerons. And sturdy as a hobnailed boot!

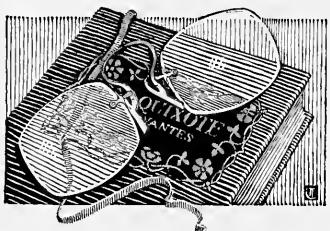
There's a world of power in the Great Lakes Trainer's American Cirrus motor—Zip-Speed-Life—Why, man—it's built for YOU—for any blooded, spirited chap or leather-coated, helmeted girl who wants to learn right!

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Winners
to be
announced
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Come in and see The New Learbury Models.

MAURICE L. ROTHSCHILD

State at Jackson

BLOOD: A Joyful Christmas Tale of Old Chicago

(Continued from page 18)

CRACK: Say, Pen, this fellow looks like a father.

PEN: Old clothes—worried look—

CRACK: So let's give him the lead. (They draw their guns.)

OLD MAN: Stop! (He falls on his knees.)

PEN: Why?

OLD MAN: Pity me!

PEN: How soft are his eyes!

CRACK: How gray his hair!

PEN: How wrinkled his face! How knotted his hands!

CRACK: Maybe another father will come along.

PEN: I'm pretty sure another father will.

OLD MAN: Boys, don't you remember me? Think of your jolly college days. Look at me closely. I am your dear old English professor.

CRACK AND PEN: You are our dear old English professor?

OLD MAN: Yes.

(The two guns are fired and the old man falls to the sidewalk.)

VOICE (from station): Cut out all that noise.

(Someone pulls down the shades. Music is heard again. Pen and Crack are about to go, but are stopped by the appearance of an old man, evidently a father, followed by fourteen children in single file from the right. The reporter follows them.)

FATHER (to children): Halt!

(He looks at Crack and Pen, takes out a revolver, and in rapid succession fires it at the two men, who fall to the sidewalk.)

VOICE (from station): Didn't I tell you to cut out all that noise?

REPORTER (shaking the hand of the father): I certainly am glad that I found you so unexpectedly. I want to thank you for this favor you've done me, and I hope these two men will excuse my error. I realized it but a moment too late. But I will get things backward. Here I went and advertised for two men to kill a father.

FATHER: And all the time you wanted a father to kill two men! Just remember to mention in your story that I killed them for a worthy cause. Say they were prohibition officers. A march is played in the police station, and the father, the children, and the reporter, keeping in step, parade from the stage as the curtain falls.

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1. This coupon is worth 10% to you.
2. Lowest prices—highest quality work.
3. All mending and darning FREE.
4. We call and deliver.

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Gr. 607

**HOW TO GET YOUR MAN**

Always keep the gentleman waiting thirty-five minutes, and, should he be so cruel as to raise an objection, break into tears and tell him with smiting words how great your hatred of him is. This starts the evening off with a bang. Spend another thirty-five minutes re-touching the water-streaked calcimine.

By this time he probably will have gathered enough courage to ask you to a date. By all means you must refuse and tell him that the success of a dance depends on your partner's terpsichorean ability. Suggest a movie immediately afterwards. (This is always very subtle.) You will play bridge. * * *

When you stop in front of the house, get out right away, hurry up the walk, and then stand under the porch light as you take out the key. He will realize how you hate to leave him. Should you happen to see a sister telling her fiancé goodnight, leave your friend, go up to the sister, and joke with her. Everyone will appreciate your thoughtfulness.

As you leave the date, say you enjoyed the evening, only you hate cards. You can then consider the evening a huge success and be certain when the Junior Prom comes around that you will see him again—from the distance.

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HAS THEM** 806 Post Office Place
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1618 Orrington Ave. University 4640

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6 North Michigan Ave. Central 7003

Rose of the Dawn

(Continued from page 12)

write advertising copy. (Hopefully to Hjalmer): Do you need a helper?

HJALMER: Nay! (Ileone walks to table.)

CLARENCE (disheartened): I'll get any other work but this. You don't know what this would mean to me.

ILEONE (seriously): I do know. It means that we won't eat bologna for the rest of our lives. (Holds bologna high.) Oh count! Oh princess!

HJALMER (walking out with another chair; seriously): Nay, bologna.

CLARENCE (sadly): Count! Duke! "Rose of the Dawn"! Bologna! Oh Ileone, I counted on you. (He walks to the box, sits upon it with his head in his hands as Mr. Caliber places his hat on his head.)

CALIBER (taking out watch): It's time for me to leave. Do you accept the offer?

ILEONE (walking to Caliber's side): What do you offer?

CALIBER: Hundred a week. Here's a check for the first week all made out.

ILEONE: Yes, he accepts the offer. (To Clarence): Don't you?

CLARENCE (weakly): Yes, I do. (Ileone takes check.)

ILEONE: Thank you very much, Mr. Caliber. (Caliber is escorted to the door by Clarence and Ileone.)

CLARENCE: Thank you.

CALIBER: Thank you, and goodbye. Call tomorrow at 25 N. La Salle.

CLARENCE: I will, Mr. Caliber. (Caliber exits. From across the hall is heard the Moonlight Sonata being played upon a piano. Clarence and Ileone walk slowly back to the box, sit down, and Clarence places an arm about Ileone.)

ILEONE: Do you understand?

CLARENCE: I do.

ILEONE: Listen to that music. How beautifully Marie plays. I can see her ivory white fingers, her graceful arms. Doesn't it make you think of far-away places, moonlight nights, silver-lined clouds, fountains, and love?

CLARENCE: Yes, dear—and bath salts.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Judge: What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer?

Juryman: Insanity.

Judge: What, the whole twelve of you?

Evening Times-Globe.

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1626 Orrington Ave. University 0461

REPAIRING



"The old-grads are putting up with us during the Reunion."

"You mean we're putting up with them. They'll be decorating their breaths with everything they can lay hands on."

"They're 'holey a subject for Life Savers."

College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN



Click!

THE show is on. The December issue takes a bow. A fast stepping, wise cracking performance, with your own Joe College or Carl Campus as master of ceremonies.

A last minute news reel, with its college sportlights, a splendid picture of the University of Nebraska, smart styles. . . . The feature begins. COLOSSUS, by Holworthy Hall, illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg, a glamorous novel of college life, featuring a man and three girls; sophisticated things by Eric Hatch and Katharine Brush follow. . . . Short subjects covering modernistic furnishings for fraternity and sorority houses, and all the varied interests of today's college crowd.



College Humor's Outboard Races will be inaugurated next spring. Is your college interested in staging one of these colorful regattas and water carnivals? Complete details will appear in our January issue. Perhaps you have heard that College Humor is presenting a number of Gruen Paladin watches to individuals achieving marked success in the college field. Coach Bob Zupke of Illinois, whose teams have won two consecutive football championships, was the first to be honored.

And, by the way, College Humor has a new sports editor—Les Gage, formerly director of publicity of the University of Wisconsin, and one of her foremost athletes.



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